Dedham Nov. 28. 1841.

My Dear Friend:

And so nothing short of a letter will content you - although I shall have to create it, as the world was made, out of nothing? I trust I shall succeed, in my own opinion at least, as well as the sly farmer who being in the act of "making land" as it is called, was saluted by a neighbor with "halloa, my friend, so you are doing God's work, are you?" "Yes," he replied "and doing it pretty well too." I rec'd your letter at Cambridge on Thanksgiving day - & so had no opportunity of complying with your request of writing to Weymouth - so this epistle must then go to carry what consolation it may to your peopled solitude in the midst of the suburban aristocracy of Roxbury. Truly I feel for the desolation which can call for a letter from me as a relief! Why the famous siege (of what place I have forgotten) where nettles and old shoes were served up as delicate salads and piquante ragouts, was but a type of your extremity. But it shall never be said that I refused to bestow a portion of my sentiments upon any of my suffering fellow-creatures, and as for yourself, why if it were ten times as much I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon you.

Now in return for this disinterested sacrifice of self-love on the altar of Friendship, I have a request to make of you. And it is, that in your letters to me you would do sufficient justice to my ill qualities as to presuppose my ignorance of all matters & things coming within the department of news. In your last you darkly shadowed forth certain things which I knew all about – because forsooth, I had been in town since they happened – none of which I happened to have heard of. I'm so hurried in my visits when I am in town that I have not time to hear the tithe of what has ~~happened~~ occurred – & if there were time, you know very well that a sudden call for that circulating medium called news is apt to produce a suspension of payment or to drive the article entirely out of the dealers head. So I pray you write whatever has taken place just as if I had had no opportunity to know anything about the same. For example, I had heard nothing of what you alluded to about Remond, my excited imagination exalted the poor little ~~[illegible]~~ man into a monstrous sprite – a sort of a black Biddle or a sable Swartwout – conveying the American Society's money into his own pocket with a true New Organization hocus pocus; and when I hurried to Maria the next day to ascertain the truth, & found that he had only omitted to do what he might have done, I felt considerably relieved though I think it bad enough. As to the stupid contributions to the Bell – I know of none but my own. And by the way, when your letter & the packet accompanying it were given me, I thought it was my article which had been returned as unsuitable – in which sentence I should have submitted as a righteous one. Your packet has been duly delivered to Mr. Spear.

I heard a piece of news the other day which is almost too good to be true. My friend Charles Wells, the reformed drunkard, told me that Abigail Folsom had shaken off the dust of her feet as a testimony against Boston and fled to another city. I fear, however, that her apparition will yet be seen haunting our C. S. & N. R. meetings. I was in hopes that she would have been taken to Worcester, at the public expense, and put under medical treatment - though I apprehend her case too inveterate for cure.

I hope that the proceeds of the Fair will be sufficient to pay off the debts of the Society - so that we can recommence operations in the winter. I believe that the public mind was never so well prepared to receive A. S. truth as it is now. The harvest is plenteous & we only want laborers to gather it in. I hope labor will be chiefly directed to the towns where little or nothing has yet been done - for I am confident that we are to get great help from such. I think your receipts should run up to $2500 if not $3000. Surely if the people of Boston & vicinity have six or seven thousand dollars to bestow on a Ball to the Prince de Joinville they can give half as much for a more valuable consideration. I have no bigotry against Balls in the abstract - but I do think it rather absurd for the good people of Boston to attempt entertaining a French prince, fresh from the Tuilleries & the Salons of Paris, with a Yankee hop. I fear that S. A. R. may express the same opinion with Talleyrand on the same subject, which Mr. Ticknor told me of a long while ago. When Ticknor was in Paris about 1815 he called one morning on the Duchess de Duras & found a queer looking customer standing before the fire with whom he entered into conversation, and

when
before they had exchanged five sentences, he knew could be none other than Talleyrand, whom he had never seen before. When Mme. de Duras appeared & introduced T. as an American, she turned the conversation on America & said among other things "Don't you remember the ball we were at together in Philadelphia at Mrs. Such a ones in such a year?" (for she was also an emigré) "Ah yes" replied Talleyrand executing an indescribable shrug "Ah yes! The Americans are a magnanimous, an hospitable, a great and a noble nation — "mais leur luxe est affreux".

I presume however that luxury has made some progress since the first Emigration — & that we may compare with some of the provincial cities of France. Mr. Otis, however, who has been at Court Balls uncountable and flirted with Crowned heads innumerable, assured me that it was decidedly a handsome Ball. So we will endeavor to console ourselves as best we may. Here now I began to write a paragraph about Anti-Slavery agencies & I have been whisked over to Paris in the twinkling of a bedpost — & end it about balls!

mais n'importe. Vive la bagatelle! What say you to ending off the Fair with a Ball as well as a supper? I should like to see you joining in the mazy with Nell or Douglass. I hope you will think of it. Love to all. Farewell. I remain at present yours faithfully

Edmund Quincy

C. Weston.

Nov 28th 1841

Miss Caroline Weston.
Roxbury.
To be left at Mr. Chapman's }
No 6 Chauncy Place }

Ms.A.9.2.15.99